The Sketch

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INFORMAL

ROYAL EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *and her sister,* H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET, *are here starting out for a morning canter in Windsor Great Park. The Heir to the Throne celebrated her twentieth birthday on Easter Sunday, spending the day with her family at Windsor. During the afternoon the bands of the Royal Horse Guards and the Grenadiers played on the East Terrace, according to pre-war custom, and some 40,000 people assembled to catch a glimpse of the Birthday Princess, who was in the green drawing-room with their Majesties and Princess Margaret. She stepped to the window several times and acknowledged their cheers and expressions of love and good will.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Fair and Warmer. It is said to be somewhat lacking in originality to open a conversation with a reference to the weather. Many talented conversationalists, however, favour this gambit—for example, my barber always does so, and, since he long ago discovered that I am not very knowledgeable about the prospects of the Arsenal or the Wolverhampton Wednesdays, meteorology sometimes whiles away an entire tonsure. When I grow tired of it, I can only feign slumber; but when *he* grows tired of it (as tire he must) he has a far better method, for he can suffocate me in scalding towels or half-drown me in a soapy basin—and who would blame him? However, the chit-chat of the gents.' saloon is not the burden of my song at present; all I wanted to say was that we have had a very nice summer in spring, and if your come-back is that it is all the summer we are likely to get, then I think, with regret, that there is a great deal in what you say.

"You 're *really* bankrupt, darling? Gosh! So I married for love after all!"

DRAWN BY S. L. BRETTELL.

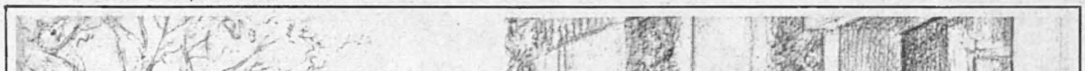
Our Quizzlings.

Anyhow, I hope you made a little hay, as I did, while the sun shone. Whether or not you got to the seaside, and what happened to you there if you were so venturesome, I hesitate to guess. I am afraid that many holidays of 1946 are going to be not so much staggered as staggering. I observe that the Association of Health and Pleasure Resorts, on behalf of the Ministry of Labour, is conducting a quiz or poll about "bedweeks" throughout all resorts which make any pretensions either to health or to pleasure, but it complains (like everybody else) of shortage of staff. "If," it says plaintively, "the Ministry of Health can provide staff to find out why people are or are not having babies, then the Ministry of Labour can also provide a quiz team for staggered holidays." What we really need is a Ministry of Quizzing, to provide every other Ministry with quiz teams on every conceivable subject, so that, with proper planning, everybody in the community will ultimately be quizzing everybody else. Then your Strength through Joy will be simply a matter of statistics and rubber stamps, and what could possibly be easier and pleasanter?

Gold-diggers. Many people, however, have found another kind of amusement for the holiday season. There is a new gold rush. All over the City of London you can see men getting out their Yukon packs, their dog-teams, their picks and shovels and their iron rations, all bound for the Orange Free State. I had some thoughts of it myself, but the only equipment I could raise was a couple of A.R.P. sand-shovels, and I doubted whether they would be adequate to deal with the richest lodes. Then, having acquired a bottle of whisky and a bottle of gin, I toyed with the idea of opening a saloon, which I have always understood is the quickest way of making a fortune out of gold. There might, however, be difficulty about further supplies, and anyhow, I have been so long out of practice with my antique Webley that I am afraid I am nowadays rather slow on the draw and quite useless at shooting from the hip. So, for the moment, I am staying out of the gold rush. As a matter of fact, my idea of a gold rush is to meet a friendly geisha (not that it is my habit) who will show me where £500,000,000 of gold ingots are taking a bath in a harbour. I

"Here is a recording of the broadcast performance of an abridged version of the film adapted from the play based on the famous book by ———."

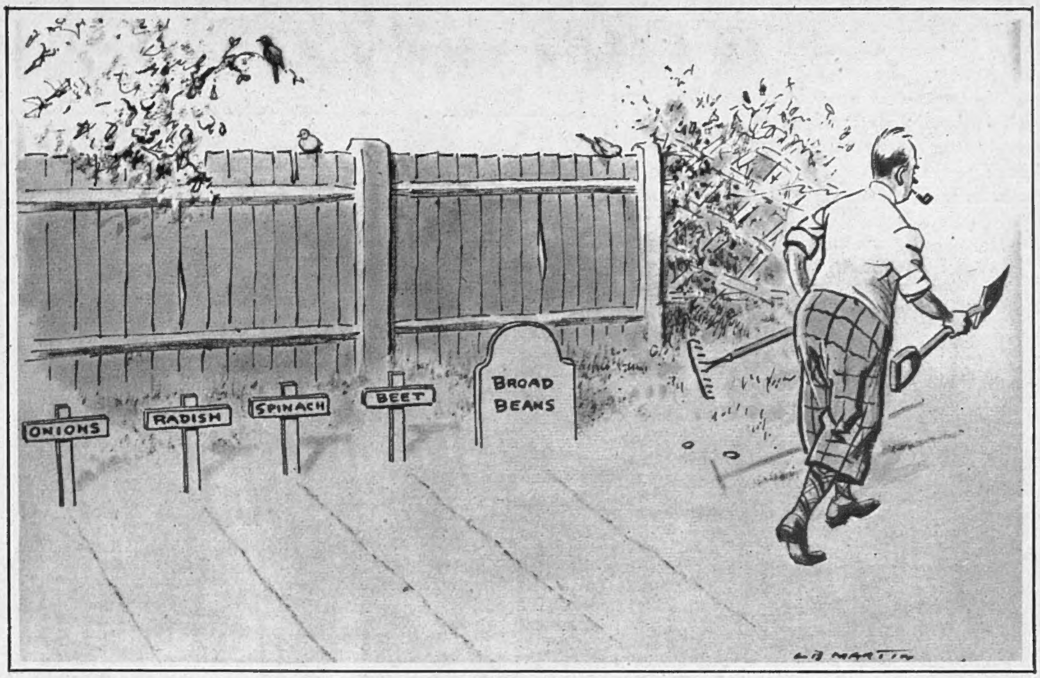
DRAWN BY BARRY APPLEBY.



"That 's our new gardener, Dad. He told us he 'd been in your lot, and how you had kept him busy in Glasshouses . . ." [DRAWN BY J. WELLAND.]

have heard criticisms of geisha in my time, but in my opinion a geisha of that kind is a very nice girl indeed.

Plain English. What, however, is a mere five hundred million in gold bars? We are learning to think in more princely terms than these. I become a little confused when I attempt to follow the noughts (and crosses) of even the most mellifluous Chancellor's explanation of revenue and expenditure—confused in the same stupid way as when I try to think of the distance of stars in terms of light-years. Both things, I fear, have just about the same amount of reality for me. We need a new terminology to get these financial matters into proportion. Gangsters and racing men (if the accidental collocation may be excused) have a very convenient financial vocabulary which might be helpful to the Treasury. I suggest that it would save a lot of trouble if the Chancellor referred to a thousand million as a "grand," and to (say) a hundred million as a "pony" and five hundred million as a "monkey." Then we should all know where we were—though it might still be open to kill-joys to speculate where we are likely to be before very long.



The pessimist sows his seeds.

DRAWN BY L. B. MARTIN.

Making It Fly.

It is interesting to see how the Crœsus spirit spreads its influence. If I were asked to spend £100 a day on just having a "good time" (so called), I should find some difficulty in doing it—the same sort of difficulty that Brewster had, if you remember, with his millions. But the two boys who, in the dashing manner of some of our brighter youth, the other day stole £1000, seem to have had no difficulty at all in getting rid of it in 11 days. It is safe to prophesy a great financial future for these youths of 15 and 16. They, and their more practised senior *confrères*, however, do become a little expensive at times. I see that they cost the police nearly £175,000 a year in radio services alone. Compared with items of this kind, I suppose it is of little consequence that it is going to cost at least £139,000 to hold a Victory Parade which, so far as I can discover, nobody wants or believes in.

The Simple Life.

If you want things done in a really open-handed manner, you must, of course, look to Russia. Now, there is a country which knows how to treat its representatives generously and lend them a proper dignity. What British Government has ever thought of purchasing, for the sheer joy and recreation of its Washington Embassy, a million-dollar estate on Long Island, with bathing beaches, swimming-pools, tennis courts, show gardens, cocktail bars—in short, everything that is necessary to the true dignity and efficiency of the diplomatic service? But the Soviet Government—being fortunately free from the necessity of presenting a budget to a niggling, cheese-paring Parliament—has done this graceful act not once but twice. It is only when you shed *bourgeois* ideas and establish the Classless Society that you can reach this level of plain living and high thinking.

"My boy friend is in what they call the Intelligentsia Corps."

DRAWN BY BEAUCHAMP.

The Up-and-Up.

And yet our *bourgeois* society does not seem to have lost entirely its spirit of enterprise and daring. The other day, in a hotel, I picked up an old copy of Longfellow, and I read again what I had not read since I was about ten—a poem (*well*! let 's call it a poem) entitled "Excelsior." What puzzled me was what exactly that strenuous young man was after. Apparently, just to get higher and higher and colder and colder. He was just on the up-and-up. Well, that is a very laudable spirit in young men, and I am glad to see that it is not entirely dead, though I hope it

[*Continued overleaf.*

The one-hundred-and-fortieth of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

will not lead to a lot of people being found frozen by St. Bernard dogs. That, I am glad to say, did not happen to the sailor who was recently passing Nelson's Column. "It has always been my intention," he said, "to have a look at the Admiral. I wanted to see whether he really did have a blind eye." So, ladders and scaffolding being handy, he climbed to the top, saluted, had a chat, and climbed down again. It is very sad to learn that there was a policeman waiting at the bottom for him. The police have no imagination. Perhaps the magistrate had more. Perhaps he just said, "Excelsior—but not in Trafalgar Square."

A Game of Draughts. Doubtless in anticipation of a perfect State service which no other country seems to have achieved, the railways seem to be getting a lot of good advice and helpful suggestions at present. One traveller demands air-conditioned carriages, and complains that in our present coaches "there is no happy medium between draughts and a 'fug.'" There is some truth in this, and it is a matter of common observation that all passengers divide themselves sharply into draught-fiends and fug-fiends, and hard feelings are sometimes caused thereby. My experience, however, of air-conditioned trains in other countries is that they tend to refrigerate you in summer and parboil you in winter, and I doubt whether they are any nearer to that "happy medium" of temperature. As for the suggestion that there should be "silence carriages" for those who want to read or sleep or think, I never heard anything which reflected so ill upon the suggester. Railway conversation may not be everybody's taste—personally, I find it some of the best there is—but the Man Apart who cannot bear interruption of his great thoughts during a railway journey ought either to travel in a special padded compartment or be condemned for life to the Reading Room of the British Museum—or a glass case thereof.

"Here's a long screed on paper-saving . . ."

DRAWN BY A. W. BROWNE.

Eating His Words. People are really very querulous about trifles like these. Some have even expressed surprise that a letter—looking, I gather, rather like a square of Nottingham lace—should be marked by the postman: "Eaten by snails in letter-box." Surely there is nothing surprising in this; snails must find their ordinary vitamin diet very monotonous at times, and they cannot be blamed for developing literary tastes. Should the habit grow, however, it will undoubtedly present certain problems to the Postmaster-General. The Ministry of Food would probably object to the obvious solution—a bed of salt in every letter-box. A snail-guard of barbed wire at the slot might prevent the unauthorised entry of snails, and it would also have the advantage of preventing the posting of letters. The snail's peculiar method of locomotion makes any surface obstacle or tank-trap difficult to design. A tame thrush in every pillar-box might be the simplest plan. Perhaps things are better as they are. After all, there are a great many letters which we would all gladly spare for the snails.

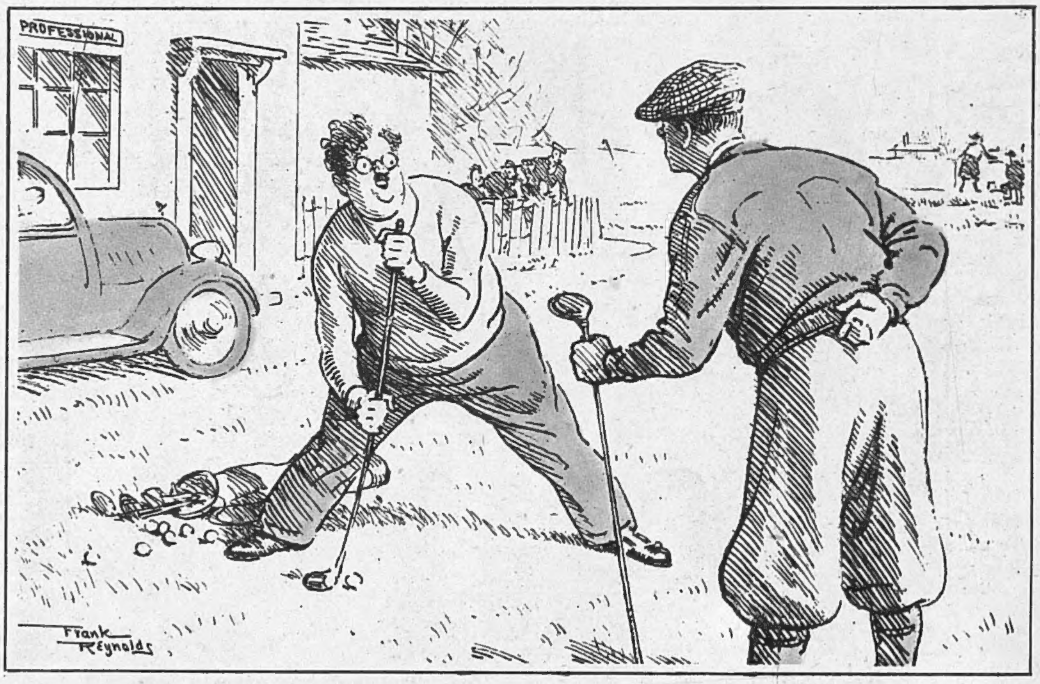
Let Them Roll!

Not marbles, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes shall outlive my noble rhyme.

So (slightly amended) wrote Shakespeare. Evidently he had never been to Tinsley Green, Sussex. There marbles outlive rhymes or anything else. There (it is reported) marble magnates can flip a fly off a wall at six yards. There the giants of the game—such as Killer Cook, Brum, the Crawley Terror, Glass Alley Burbury and Champ (Two-Thumb) Harding—meet at the Greyhound Inn for the British Championship, which is virtually the World Championship. All honour to these sportsmen, and may they long keep this noble game alive and flicking! Most of us abandon it far too young. And yet I remember a time when marbles were practically currency, and when glittering little globes, called "agates" and "cornelians," were more beautiful in my eyes than rubies and sapphires. Yes, I too have rolled a pretty marble. Ah, the days that have been!

Wonderful World. "What the hell—— ? !" said a B.B.C. announcer in clear, resonant tones. But announcers have not said it half as often as listeners.—Fishermen have been finding V.1's in their nets. That accounts for some of the fish I have had lately.—It has been mentioned in the House that a certain military martinet made whistling a crime. Now, if the Government would only do the same with crooning!—If you had occasion to travel from Chengtu to Regent's Park, how would you do it? You give it up? Disguise yourself as a Giant Panda. Then you will get a special aeroplane.—And yet when a Sergeant wanted to send his wife a dining-room suite from Italy, he had to dismember it and pack it in twenty-five postal parcels!—Once more in Parliament this painful question of outsize shoes for women. The Board of Trade spokesman returned a dusty answer. He ought to have said, "H.M.'s Government have sympathy with women who wear nines and tens, but——"

In our April 17 issue Fred May's cartoon showed C.O. and staff of B.A.F.O., meaning British Air Forces of Occupation, not British Air Forces Overseas, as stated.



"Before starting, I want you to clearly understand—I am quite a beginner!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

GREAT-NIECE OF QUEEN MARY.

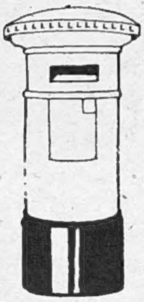
LADY MARY CAMBRIDGE, *only daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Cambridge, is a great-niece of H.M. Queen Mary. She was born in 1924 and is thus one of the younger members of the Royal Family circle. During the war she nursed in Poplar Hospital. Lord Cambridge, who is the second marquess, succeeded his father in 1927. He married Miss Dorothy Hastings, second daughter of the late Captain the Hon. Osmond W. T. Westenra Hastings.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

B

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—When the War was on I made up my mind that the first thing I would do when Peace came would be to have the house done up from top to toe and new curtains in every room, and to this end I invested in War Savings every week. But the Peace is all quite different from the rosy dreams I dreamed while sitting in my tin hat on the doorstep, doing a little fire-watching. Distemper still peels from the walls, half the casement windows facing the sea refuse to shut and the other half refuse to open, our curtains come to pieces in the hand, and one of our chimney-pots leans over at a dangerous angle. The only thing left to us in the way of reconstruction is to Spring Clean, and even that is dangerous. Charles says that for a house in the condition of ours the motto should be Leave Well Alone, and how right he is. But Evensong and I have heard the Call of Spring, the Sap is Rising, the Blood is Coursing in our Veins, flakes of distemper pour

" A key which was much too high for him."

down upon us like snow, the curtains have been taken down and brushed, and are now in no condition to be put up again, everything smells of soap and polish, Evensong is in an uplifted condition, and I have made an abortive effort to turn out the Music Cupboard.

This may sound simple to you, Robert, but as a matter of fact it is a terrific undertaking. I have a lot of music, and I also have a lot of music belonging to other people which I don't want. About this time of year, when the Sap is rising in my friends' veins as well as mine, I often come home and find large stacks of alien music parked on the piano. Somebody else has been Turning Out the Music Cupboard, and if it is not my Music Cupboard year (and I can only face the upheaval at long intervals), I stow it away with all the other music to add to the general confusion and congestion.

This year I started on the Music Cupboard directly after breakfast. When Charles came home in the evening he found me still sitting on the floor surrounded by stacks of music.

" Charles, what shall I do with this score of ' The Bing Boys ' ? "

" Throw it away," said Charles, a strong character.

" Oh, I couldn't throw it away ! " says the Martyr to Sentiment. " We got engaged after ' The Bing Boys.' Don't you remember ? "

" Yes."

" ' Let the Great Big World Keep Turning '—wasn't she lovely ? "

"What *are* you doing, Henrietta ? " said the Conductor, poking his head round the door. "Music ! " he said gleefully, and sat down on the floor beside me and began singing the tenor part of " Oh, for the Wings of a Dove."

" Conductor," said Charles patiently, " dinner is just coming in and there isn't enough for you."

" ' In the wilderness build me a nest,' " sang the Conductor in a key which was much too high for him. " It 's all right, Old Boy, I 've had mine. Henrietta, what a glorious collection of music. Where did you get it ? Oh, ' Florodora ! ' ' Tell me, Pretty Maiden, are there any more at home like you ? ' " " ' There are a few, kind Sir,' " I sang, prancing about among the music and twirling an imaginary parasol.

" Henrietta, *will* you come and have your dinner ? It 's Joint Night," said Charles.

" Go on, Henrietta, eat your food," said the Conductor. " I 'll play to you while you 're having it. Look at this lovely volume of songs all bound up together. Nineteen hundred and five. Ah, people took their singing seriously in those days. Who is B.S. ? "

" Colonel Simpkins. Mrs. Simpkins says he used to sing a lot when they were in Simla."

The Conductor sat down at the piano and played one old Edwardian song after another while we ate The Joint (beef).

" Ford, Ford, Ford o' Kabul River," sang the Conductor.
" Ford o' Kabul River in the dark !
There's the river low an' fallin', but it ain't no use o' callin'
'Cross the Ford o' Kabul ri-i-iver in the dark."

" You mustn't sing that," said Charles, " it makes Henrietta cry. She is steeped in Indian Army tradition, poor dear."

" I 'm sorry, Henrietta," said the Conductor. " Come and sing, ' Oh, That We Two Were Maying.' It 's a duet." I swallowed my last mouthful of beef and joined him at the piano.

" That 's very pretty," said Charles as the last luscious notes died away. " You ended together, too. Nobody writes songs with tunes nowadays."

" Girls in long black frocks."

The Conductor smacked down a tremendous chord on the piano. " I know ! " he said. " We 'll have an Edwardian Concert."

This seemed a magnificent idea, and we spent the whole evening selecting songs. At midnight the Conductor staggered out of our house and we crept exhaustedly to bed.

The Grand Edwardian Concert was a tremendous success and made a lot of money for the Cricket Club. People sat at little tables and drank beer and were waited on by girls in long black frocks and white aprons and caps with streamers. Charles, in a drooping black moustache and a cummerbund, was the Chairman. He conducted the choruses and invited honoured people to sit at his table. Faith and Colonel Simpkins brought the house down with " A Bicycle Built For Two." Faith wore bloomers and a boater and looked quite lovely. I wanted to wear black silk stockings and red garters and sing " Ta-ra-ra Boom-di-ay," with a lot of high kicking, but wasn't allowed to because of Charles's Practice. This disappointed me very much, because I had set my heart on it, and I can't now, for the life of me, see why my red garters should make Charles a bad Doctor, but it seems that is the way things are. In place of this spicy item I sang "Oh, That We Two Were Maying," with the Conductor in a bustle. (I wore the bustle.)

Faith and I took a lot of trouble training a Beauty Chorus and they really were sweet. They did " Tell Me, Pretty Maiden," and something out of " Three Little Maids " and " The Geisha."

Towards the end of the evening the Admiral pretended to be drunk and disorderly, and allowed himself to be ejected by the Chuckers Out, two pretty girls dressed, rather unsuitably, in sort of apache costumes. People said they hadn't enjoyed themselves so much for years.

When I have got time I really must turn out the Music Cupboard.

Always your affectionate
Childhood's Friend,
HENRIETTA.

" ' A Bicycle Built for Two.' "

THE COUNTESS COMES OF AGE AT FORTY.

THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD, *a peeress in her own right, with her husband,* MR. DEREK STUDLEY-HERBERT *and their children,* VISCOUNT REIDHAVEN *and* MASTER OF GRANT, *and* LADY PAULINE ANNE STUDLEY-HERBERT.

Family group round the swing at Cullen House, Banffshire, one of Lady Seafield's Scottish seats: the COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD *and* MR. STUDLEY-HERBERT *with their son and daughter.*

This group shows the COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD *and her husband,* MR. DEREK STUDLEY-HERBERT *(who was also her junior trustee), with* COLONEL GORDON DUFF *of Hatton, senior trustee, the* HON. IAN MALCOLM CAMPBELL *of Auchindoune,* COLONEL STEWART MENZIES *of Ardilly and* MR. RONALD CUTHBERTSON.

THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD, one of the small company of peeresses in their own right, succeeded to the Scottish peerages of her father, the late Earl of Seafield, in November 1915, and became Countess of Seafield, Viscountess Seafield, Viscountess Reidhaven, Lady Ogilvie of Cullen, and Lady Ogilvie of Deskford and Cullen, while the barony of Strathspey and the baronetcy devolved on her uncle. At that time she was only nine years of age, and she had to wait until she had attained the age of forty before she could take over her huge estates. She arrived at this mature majority on April 17 last, and to mark her "coming-of-age" Strathspey farmers entertained her and her trustees, who included her husband, Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert, to a lunch in Grantown-on-Spey. Lady Seafield, who was married in 1930, has a seven-year-old son and heir, Ian Derek Francis, Viscount Reidhaven and Master of Grant, and a baby daughter, who was born in 1944.

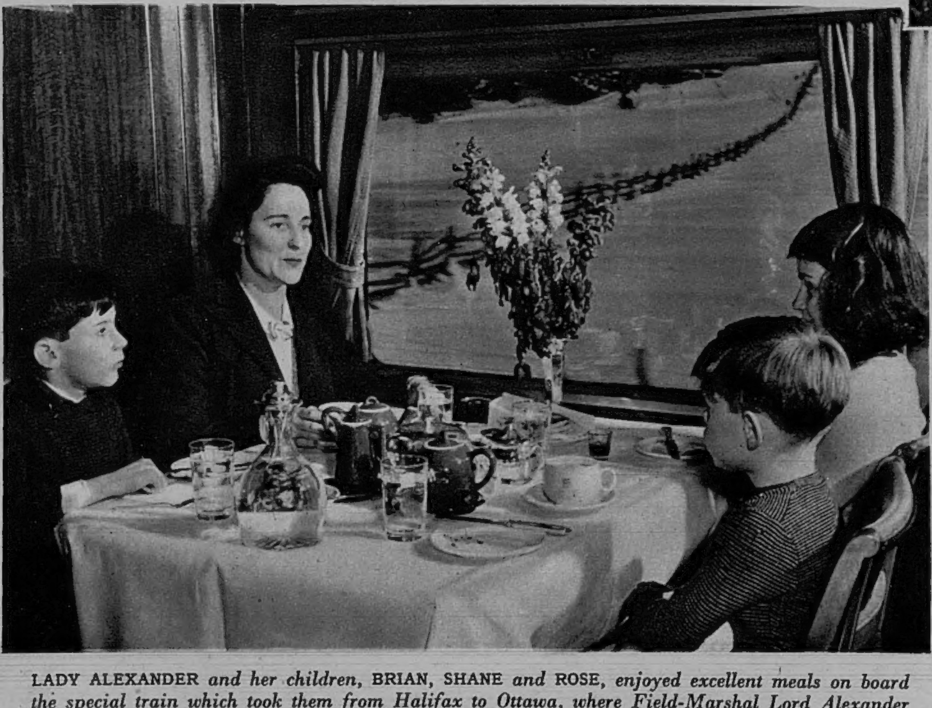
ROYAL, SPORTING AND SOCIAL OCCASIONS:

LADY HERBERT *drove a governess cart in the class for Private Turn-Outs at the Iver Village Children's Horse Show and Gymkhana. Her passengers included* H.R.H. the DUKE OF KENT, *and her own children, the* HON. HENRY *and the* HON. DIANA HERBERT.

Domestic angle on THE LUNTS. ALFRED *is waiting for last-minute instructions before going out with the shopping-bag, and* LYNN FONTANNE *is handling the carpet-sweeper. Their latest vehicle is "Oh, Mistress Mine," playing in New York.*

LADY ELIZABETH SCOTT, *elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, is engaged to the Duke of Northumberland, and came up to London last week about her wedding dress. She is with her sister,* LADY CAROLINE SCOTT.

MISS JANE FINDLAY, MISS CAROLINE BURY *and* MRS. GEORGE LOWTHER *attended the Towcester Easter meeting, which was held in perfect spring sunshine.*

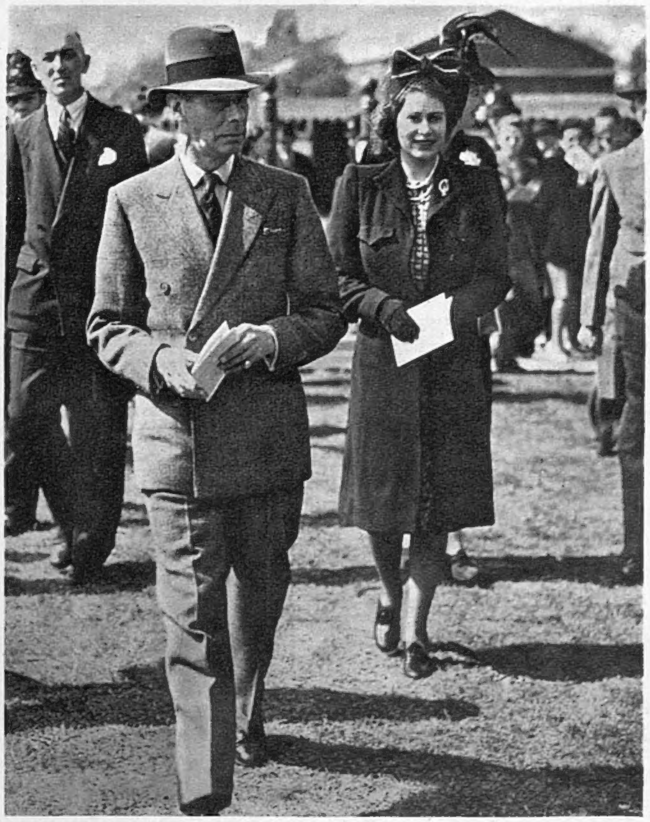


LADY ALEXANDER *and her children,* BRIAN, SHANE *and* ROSE, *enjoyed excellent meals on board the special train which took them from Halifax to Ottawa, where Field-Marshal Lord Alexander was recently sworn in as Canada's seventeenth Governor-General.*

The infant daughter of the HON. MRS. GERARD VANNECK *was christened* CHRISTINA LOUISE *at Christ Church, Victoria Road, Kensington. She is a granddaughter of Lord Huntingfield.*

NOTABLE PEOPLE AND THEIR DOINGS.

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF KENT *competed in the Ball and Bucket Race at the Children's Horse Show and Gymkhana at Iver. She was too small to reach the potatoes in the buckets, so had to get help.*



H.M. THE KING *took* H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *to Hurst Park on the Saturday before her twentieth birthday. Though his Majesty's Rising Light was made a favourite for the Paradise Stakes, it only got third place.*

MISS BRIDGET LOWTHER *and* MISS J. FALKNER *at Towcester in conversation with* LORD ST. JUST. *He is the second baron, and recently was host to Princess Elizabeth at a dinner-party in London.*

MR. CHRISTOPHER EDE, LADY LAWRENCE *(r.) and* MISS K. CURLETT, O.B.E., *at a meeting to discuss the Training Display at the National Association of Training Corps for Girls' "Cadets' Day" at the Albert Hall on May 25. Lady Lawrence is Chairman of the Committee.*

MISS JUDY CAMPBELL *(Mrs. D. L. Birkin) and her husband,* LIEUT.-COMMANDER D. L. BIRKIN, D.S.C., R.N.V.R., *are admiring their baby son* ANDREW TIMOTHY *after his christening.*

After HIS MAJESTY THE KING *had distributed the Royal Maundy money in Westminster Abbey, he arranged the official group which consisted of* THE QUEEN, *the* LORD HIGH ALMONER *(Bishop of Lichfield), the* SUB-ALMONER (REV. W. H. ELLIOTT), *and Children of the Royal Almonry.*

STAGE CAMEOS.

By JOHN RUSSELL.

MR. ROBERT HELPMANN can boast a wider range of impersonations than any other living performer. Among his lower, simpler feats one must number that well-suited pair, Hogarth's Rake and the Peruvian reprobate of "Façade"; but up on a higher slope Satan, St. George and the Glaswegian Redeemer can be holding, at best, only an uneasy conversation. As ballet can take the whole universe for its subject, and please the eye as happily with the sufferings of Job as with a fairground flirtation, there seems no limit to Mr. Helpmann's possibilities. Mentally one pictures him as Ulysses, the Prince Consort, Newton, Nebuchadnezzar; one sees him reanimating the hero of "L'Aiglon" and appearing as the Duke of Marlborough before the triumphal backcloth of Blenheim. Meanwhile he is doing very nicely as Adam. His new ballet, "ADAM ZERO," was deservedly applauded, at Covent Garden, as a masterpiece of organisation. Where other companies can hardly achieve the discipline of a regiment of Bulgarian marines, Miss de Valois has brought hers to the point at which they can manœuvre in their scores upon a stage the size of the Horse Guards Parade. "Adam Zero" is the first English ballet to exploit the full resources of the Opera House; and as one watches the huge white sail of the backcloth swing round, and the gantries rise and fall, and the cyclorama fill the sky with flame and smoke, and a battery of arc-lamps appear from the heavens like so many auxiliary suns, it is not the drama which holds us, but the vast machinery of the stage. Mr. Helpmann has chosen to interpret the life of man, from cradle to grave, in terms of the theatre world of which he is undisputed master. The sheer volume of the action, and the splendid exuberance and theatrical validity of Mr. Bliss' music, distract attention from what is often a wearisome and infantile scenario. As choreographer, Mr. Helpmann has a never-failing fount of wit and arresting incident; he is, in fact, a dance-dramatist of the first order. But he lacks even the tiniest degree of lyrical feeling; he can strike, but he cannot touch. The language of his ballets is that of Central European expressionist mime. Mr. Ashton's "NOCTURNE," which has now been revived, lives, for me at least, in a different and vastly more interesting world. This little piece, with its two-line story and its twenty-two performers, has seized just that charge of poetry and suggestion which the huge Frith-like canvas of "Adam Zero" never captures. Mr. Ashton, in a make-up which made him look like a waxwork model of Arnold Bennett, presided over his black-and-yellow frieze of masquers; and as the flower-girl Miss Fonteyn was herself the incarnation of the violet. The evening began with "LES PATINEURS," whose bouncing tunes were given out rather sketchily by the orchestra; Miss Moira Shearer impressed by her gravity and command of the big stage; and Mr. Harold Turner's acrobacy is as astonishing as ever.

"Make It a Date" (Duchess Theatre). TERENCE DELANEY *and* CHRISTINE SPENCER *as the Newlyweds, and* MAX WALL *as the Photographer, dance the witty ballet "Watch the Birdie," to music by Edward Horan.*

In their clever comedy duet "You're not the Fellow for Me," AVRIL ANGERS *and* TERENCE DELANEY *involve themselves in some strange gymnastic contortions.*

Balletomanes will take pleasure in Miss Natasha Sokolova's performance in "HERE COME THE BOYS," at the Saville Theatre; but for most people this cheerful and unpretending revue must charm by the presence of those two favourite drolls, Mr. Bobby Howes and Mr. Jack Hulbert. A passably lively evening, it nevertheless exemplifies that curious feature of the contemporary stage—the lack, or possibly the indolence, of any first-rate writers of revue. It seems difficult to believe that an age unsurpassed for cant and oddity can inspire only the dullest of topical sketches.

At the Arts Theatre, Mr. Clunes has broken into his valuable series of antiquarian revivals in order to mount a first-rate piece of the most urgent topical importance. "EXERCISE BOWLER" has been attributed in whispers to a number of practised controversialists, but the play itself is arguably too vivid, too full of savage hitting to be the work of those whose perfunctory exhibition bouts of argument are all too familiar to playgoers. Here is a play which really tells us what it is like to be a returned Serviceman, and reminds us how very inadequate and hypocritical are most of our accepted ideas upon the subject. It is acted with infectious excitement by an excellent company which includes Mr. Mark Dignam, Mr. Torin Thatcher, and that admirable young actor Mr. Geoffrey Keen.

At the Granville, Walham Green: "Patricia's Seven Houses," by Lajos Biro. Patricia English inherits seven houses of ill-fame in the Republic of Sierra de Oro. She is typically "British." On arrival she says: "I'm going to stay here and share your life. . . . I'll try to make this a real home for us all. . . ." L. to r.: Juliana (MARY HORN); *Patricia English* (RENE RAY); *Cæsar, local dictator* (PETER ILLING); DOREEN OVERTON; *Theresa* (DAPHNE MADDOX); SYBIL AMIEL; *Chief of Police* (HOWARD DOUGLAS); *Judge's Clerk* (ARTHUR LOVEGROVE); *Manager* (PHILO HANSEE); *Lawyer* (BRIAN HAINES).

Cæsar (PETER ILLING) *gives a superb exposition of the subtle powers of evil. To Patricia he says: "Shall I help you to kill me?—here goes. . . . There's your gun—point it at me! Take aim!"*

At the Adelphi, where the "BALLET DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES" continue their season, a certain fall in temperature must be recorded, and traced partly to the very long intervals which divide (in some cases) very short spells of dancing. Also this company is perhaps mistaken in trying to win us with butchered fragments from the Petipa-Tchaikovsky classics, when their own creations are so infinitely more to their credit. "LES AMOURS DE JUPITER" has sets by Jean Hugo which, with a tent-pole and a few wisps of rag, make us free of the whole Mediterranean; and in "LE DÉJEUNER SUR L'HERBE," Marie Laurencin's enchanted glade beautifully set off the delicate informality of a ballet in which Roland Petit, Irène Skorik and the enormous energies of Jean Babilée delighted the audience. The loves of Jupiter might perhaps have been given a little more point; but the ballet, though it lacks any really sustained lyrical movement, had the same dry mischief which had pleased us in "Jeu de Cartes." The week did not greatly enlighten us upon the powers of individual members of the company; but M. Petit's noble and imposing style made us wish for a larger stage—and occasionally for taller partners; and in "Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," Irène Skorik managed to convey the drugged compulsion of her romantic plunge, although Nature has not afflicted her with the poodle-face so common among Mme. Laurencin's young ladies.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (Cambridge). "PRIVATE LIVES" (Apollo). "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (Globe.) "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" (Savoy). "UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phœnix). SADLER'S WELLS BALLET SEASON (Covent Garden).

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING: "HIGH TIME" (Palladium). "THE ASTONISHED OSTRICH" (St. James's). "THE YEARS BETWEEN" (Wyndham's). "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket). "PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome). "THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC" (Coliseum). "THE HASTY HEART" (Aldwych). "NO MEDALS" (Vaudeville). "DUET FOR TWO HANDS" (Lyric). "LADY FROM EDINBURGH" (Playhouse). "SEE HOW THEY RUN" (Comedy, 8.30). "THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's). "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (Duke of York's). "FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's). "MERRIE ENGLAND" (Princes). "FINE FEATHERS" (Prince of Wales). OPERA SEASON (Sadler's Wells). "WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall). "THE GUINEA-PIG" (Criterion). "A MAN ABOUT THE HOUSE" (Piccadilly). "SONG OF NORWAY" (Palace). "FIFTY-FIFTY" (Strand). "THE SACRED FLAME" (Comedy, 6.10). "MAKE IT A DATE" (Duchess). "MURDER ON THE NILE" (Ambassadors). "BALLET DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES" (Adelphi). "BETTER LATE" (Garrick).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

TO dub or not to dub, that is the question. What shall a man do who has to translate a film that has been acted in one l-guage for audiences that only speak another? Shall he shoot a new sound-track to synchronise with the lip-movements of the players? Or shall he keep the original dialogue and add sub-titles? Two foreign films in London this week give you the chance to compare the alternative methods and decide which is the lesser of the two evils. Since both films are of high merit apart from this bother-some little business of translation, you will not be unduly wasting your time.

The first is a Mexican film at the Ritz, called "PORTRAIT OF MARIA." It has been dubbed into American in Hollywood, and to my way of thinking, dubbed abominably. The mock simplicity of the dialogue is an ill match for the real simplicity of the picture. "Portrait of Maria" is a very simple story about an outcast Indian girl, who lives by selling flowers on a garden island in Lake Xochimilcho. She is tormented by her superstitious neighbours because her mother was a prostitute, and the taint is thought to be hereditary. She finds one honest man who wants to marry her, and another man, equally honest, but misguided, who wants to paint her. Neither of them, with the best will in the world, brings her any luck, and in the end she is stoned to death by her righteous neighbours. Then, sin being expiated by death, she is given a splendid funeral, with the priest officiating and her body rowed down the river in a boat banked with flowers. "Portrait of Maria" is not a cinema masterpiece, but it has a clear and very taking beauty of its own that freshens the eye and quickens the imagination. Dolores del Rio, working again in her own country, looks lovelier and acts better than she ever did in Hollywood. Her well-modelled face needs no glamour to give it nobility. The crowd scenes are splendidly managed, the camera-work is always impressive, and the whole thing is alive with the sense of light and flowers.

In "The Blue Dahlia" (Plaza), Johnny Morrison (ALAN LADD) *returns from service with the Navy to find wife Helen running around with Eddie Harwood. After a row the woman is found murdered. Dodging the police, Johnny meets Eddie's wife Joyce Harwood* (VERONICA LAKE) *; gets involved with the Harwood racketeers. Helen's death mystery is solved later.*

The other foreign film, "FRIC-FRAC" (Academy), comes from France, and is an impudent and unashamed delight. Fric-frac is thieves' argot for burglary, or cracking a crib, and the film deals in the most amiable way with the professions, not only of crib-cracking but of pocket-picking, card-sharping, street-walking, rigging, fruit-machines, dice-loading and smash-and-grab. Two of the professional fraternity, a prostitute and a burglar who is looking after her in a paternal way while his pal is in prison, are taking an afternoon off at the cycle races, when they get into company with an innocent young clerk, who finds the lady's dark charms disturbing. When they learn that he is a jeweller's assistant, their careless good nature sharpens to business interest. They cultivate his acquaintance in cafés, at cinemas, and on cycle rides, much to the indignation of his boss's daughter. From his new friends the clerk learns a great deal about thieves' argot, and from the clerk they learn even more about his boss's safe. But before the night of the great crib-cracking arrives, a sentimental attachment has grown up between these ill-assorted companions, and in the end everything is arranged satisfactorily for everybody, even for the boss's daughter.

Based on the life and memoirs of the French detective, "A Scandal in Paris" (London Pavilion) stars GEORGE SANDERS *as Eugene-François Vidocq, born 1776, who led a life of crime studying criminals' methods, and was later made prefect of police. His Casanova-like conquests marked his progress; here he advances to kiss Thérèse* (SIGNE HASSO) *on his way to steal jewels.*

"Fric-Frac" being the sort of thing it is, the idiom is mainly esoteric, and we are told that when the film was shown in Paris a special booklet had to be issued to explain the argot to the customers. This dialogue has been translated in sub-titles into English slang, including Cockney rhyming slang, and I am not sure if the result is altogether successful. A great many sub-titles have been needed to make the points clear, and still they are not quite clear, even when the eye has done a great deal of dancing up and down. But I am not inclined to be harsh on the sub-titling of "Fric-Frac," because it has mercifully saved us from the expedient of dubbing and preserved the speech of Fernandel, Michel Simon and Arletty for our entertainment and delight. With comedians of this type (the best) the voice is as much a part of the whole actor as the face, the body, the hands, and its loss would leave the screen impoverished.

In the first half-hour of "GILDA," Rita Hayworth's new picture at the New Gallery, I thought we were in for something really exciting. Without wasting any time, with imaginative camera-shots and an absolute economy of direction and dialogue, a very pretty situation for melodrama is blocked in. A down-at-heel gambler, Johnny (Glenn Ford), has been cheating with dice on the Buenos Ayres waterfront, when he is held up for his bankroll in a dark alley. Suddenly a mysterious stranger with a sword-stick (George Macready) steps in, drives away Johnny's assailant, gives him a card to a fashionable gambling club, and vanishes. Johnny visits the club, cheats at cards, is hauled up before the boss and finds him to be the mystery man of the dark alley. The two gamblers, the big one and the little one, strike up a curious friendship. Johnny, installed as manager of the club, devotes himself to the boss's interests, and everything goes well until the boss brings home a wife, a luscious piece named Gilda. Gilda and Johnny take one look at each other, and it is clear that they have met before, under highly emotional circumstances. The audience knows it. The boss suspects it. The real drama seems ready to begin.

Universal's "On The Carpet" (Leicester Square Theatre, May 6) stars LOU COSTELLO *as Benny, the salesman who studied his art via gramophone record lessons. Here he shows a housewife* (MARGARET DUMONT) *how not to use a vacuum cleaner. Getting wise to mistakes, he outsells others and wins a prize. His saving grace is Martha, Elena Verdugo, who leads him home to marriage and success. Bud Abbott co-stars.*

Unfortunately, the real drama, when we get to it, doesn't live up to its careful preparation. There are, in point of fact, two dramas: one involving German agents and a tungsten cartel, the other a triangular love-affair between the two men and Gilda. Johnny loves Gilda, but believes he hates her. Gilda loves Johnny, but pretends she hates him. On and on they go, loving and hating, loving and hating. By the time the boss has got run through with his own sword-stick, and Gilda has persuaded Johnny that she has carried on with half the men in South America, not from any impure motives, but simply to make him jealous, the film has lost its first fine careless rapture.

"CARAVAN" (Gaumont) is one of the most ridiculous films we have ever made in this country, and I have no doubt it will be furiously successful. It has everything calculated to stir the blood, including Spain, gypsies, shootings, lashings with a horse-whip, a villain in a coach pursued by his avenger on a horse, serenades, a horrible death by quicksand, embezzlement, dancing, love, the peerage and Stewart Granger. It has even a story, too, of sorts. A Victorian novelist gets shot through the head by Spanish gypsies in the pay of a wicked English baronet. In consequence, he forgets he is betrothed to a high-toned British blonde and marries a humble Spanish brunette. The blonde marries the bad baronet, which she ought to have seen with half an eye was a mistake. Neither the arrangement nor the baronet lasts long, of course, but they last long enough to give Mr. Dennis Price the time of his life. Nothing is omitted from his portrait of villainy, from the lecherous sneer to the classic double stamp. Mr. Granger, as the hero, doesn't have half as much fun. But then he has the biggest billing, the brunette *and* the blonde.

This is what Vidocq sees on his way to crack a crib, a castle this time. Among the girls bathing are Thérèse and Mimi (JO ANN MARLOWE)*, grand-daughters of a marquis. They are frightened by a snake, which Vidocq kills for them.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MLLE. MARCELLE CHOISNET, for the gallantry and grit which made her France's No. 1 Glider Girl.

In July 1945, at Brussels, MLLE. CHOISNET *won the international long-distance record.*

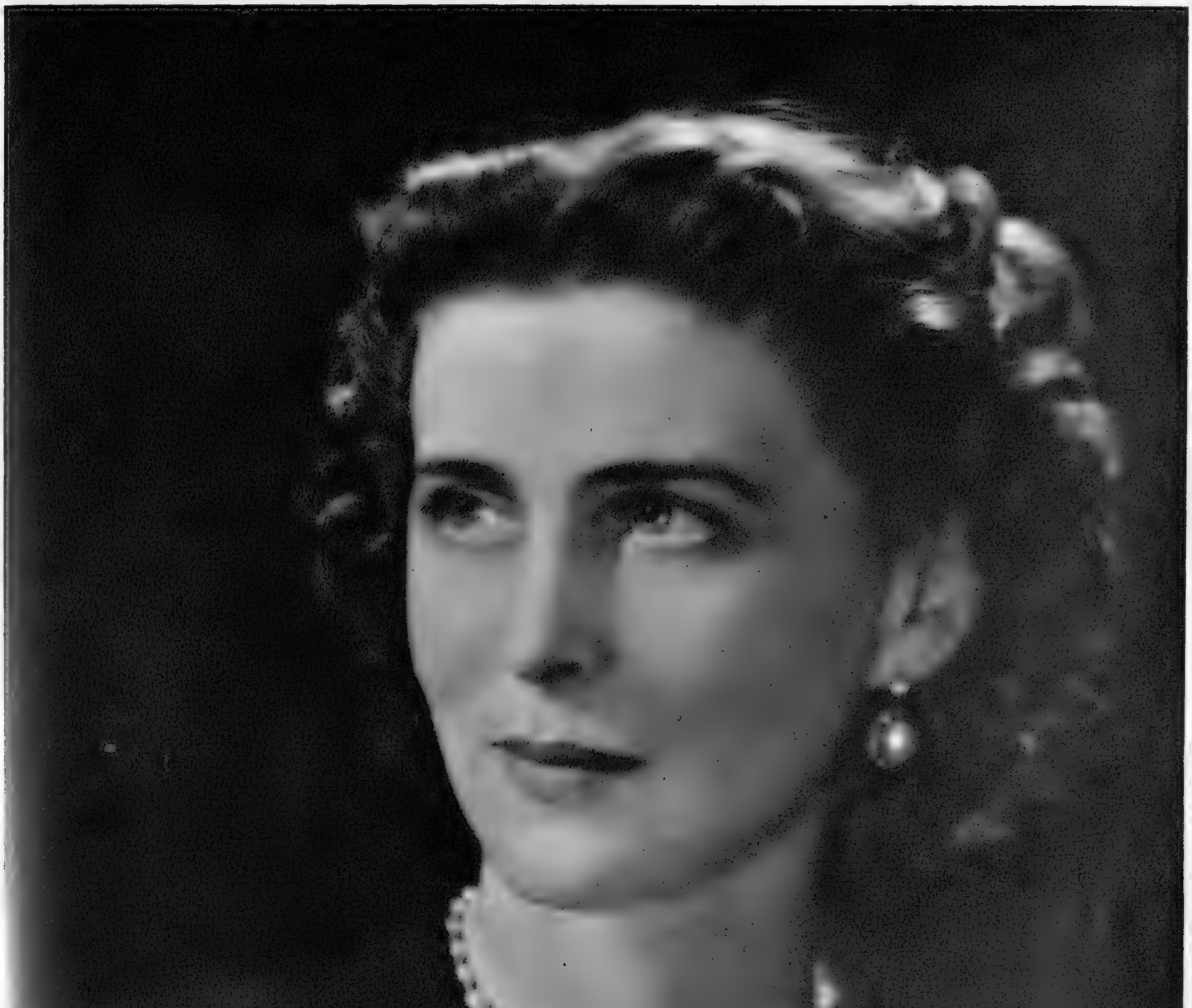
Standing by her glider, MARCELLE CHOISNET *symbolises the new youth in French aviation.*

IN 1944, after six months' intensive training in a glider, Parisian dressmaker MARCELLE CHOISNET set out to beat records. She now has four French glider records to her credit and two held hitherto by Russian women pilots. On April 22, 1945, she won the Frenchwomen's duration record by staying in the air for 8 hr. 52 min. 54 sec. Not satisfied with this achievement she renewed her attack a week later and held the air for 12 hr. 20 min. 50 sec. On June 9 that year she left Beynes to beat the direct distance record, and m[illegible]e 139 kilometres flying to Champaubert-la-Bataille. Still dissatisfied, Marcelle took the air again four days later, and attained a distance of 357 kilometres. [illegible]n July she beat the international distance record with set goal, held by the Russian woman pilot Zelen Kowa with 195 km. 185. Fixing her destination at Soignies in Belgium, she beat the record with 253 kilometres. And her last feat, in August 1945, flying a two-seater glider with passenger, was to snap up the international women's record for direct flight with passenger, with 237 kilometres. Now Mlle. Choisnet teaches gliding professionally.

Before ever she flew, Marcelle dreamed of soaring into the great airy spaces; parental objections to aviation for a woman barred that, and at fifteen apprenticeship to dressmaking enclosed her within four walls. Her absorbing passion persisted, however; her first short flight in an aeroplane at a fête one day decided her, and she spent all her spare time and money learning to fly an aeroplane. In 1939 she was a qualified pilot. The war put an end to that and she became lorry-driver in a women's corps. After the liberation, in spite of every discouragement, Marcelle turned her attention to gliding; beat records, and now trains professionally.

Marcelle leaves her glider after gaining the women's international distance record in direct flight as the crow flies, with a passenger.

Congratulations on a fine flight—a record beaten; a step nearer to making gliding her career.



BEAUTIFUL ROYAL DUCHESS.

This, the latest portrait of H.R.H. *the* DUCHESS OF KENT, *is one of the loveliest ever taken. Her Royal Highness is kept very busy not only with her public engagements, but also by her three children, who are being brought up in the tradition of good horsemanship. The Duchess lives at Coppins Iver Bucks, where, at a recent local children's gymkhana Princess Alexandra, her second child, rode her grey pony in an event for riding ponies over 12 hands, watched by her mother, the Duke of Kent, and Prince Michael.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HARLIP.

A V.I.P. IN THE RACING WORLD:

Swing in the Spring! CLAUDIA PETRE, *only daughter of Captain and Mrs. R. Petre.*

Famous gentleman rider and his family: CAPTAIN *and* MRS. PETRE, CHARLIE, ROBERT *and* CLAUDIA.

Consultation with his private trainer: CAPTAIN PETRE *and* MR. A. HEMSWORTH.

Striking camera picture: CAPTAIN PETRE *with* WATERS, *a carter who has been on farm work for forty-five years.*

CAPTAIN "BOBBY" PETRE, sandy-haired thirty-three as one of the best amateur riders in the country, and de He has now become even more of a V.I.P. (very important son the Grand National winner. He was the jockey for Mr. Bra at Aintree, after starting at 25 to 1, and beat the favourite in but the boys only listened-in at home. Our photogr

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E

N.B. A Coloured plate ne

CAPTAIN R. PETRE AND HIS FAMILY.

Posed by his fine Rolls-Bentley car: CAPTAIN "BOBBY" PETRE, *a very important person in the racing world.*

Good reading! CAPTAIN *and* MRS. PETRE *take another look through the scores of congratulatory wires on his Aintree victory.*

CAPTAIN *and* MRS. PETRE *with their sons. Note the fine thatched roof on the stables in the background.*

Meet Carrick Castle (Cottage—First Princess): CAPTAIN PETRE, *with one of his Irish horses, a newcomer to England.*

ear-old ex-major in the Scots Guards, has long been known
ded the list of winning amateur jockeys in the 1938-39 season.
on) by carrying out one of his life's ambitions—that of riding
rant's Lovely Cottage, which won the first post-war National
ince Regent, into third place. Mrs. Petre watched the race,
phs were taken at Captain Petre's Hampshire home.

ERT ADAMS, READING.

nserted in this issue.

MME. MASSIGLI'S HATS BRING PARIS TO LONDON.

MME. MASSIGLI, *wife of the French Ambassador, has the true French chic. Her hats—crowning touch to an ensemble—show real taste and discrimination; those she is seen wearing on this page—destined for four very different occasions—all become her, and indicate the back-tilted trend which she and Paris fancy at the moment. The last creations of Maud et Nano, they were recently brought over by Mme. Massigli for the London season.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON.

HAILEYBURY SCHOOL STAGES SHAKESPEARE IN BELGIUM.

A group picture of the boys from Haileybury School who visited Belgium. All members of the School Dramatic Society, they have given five performances of "Richard II." in different Belgian towns in aid of Belgian charities.

"Richard II." The lists at Coventry. Above, left: John of Gaunt (MR. E. C. MATTHEWS)*; the King; Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk; played by* JOHN HOLMSTROM, MICHAEL ECCLES *and* GERALD HARPER. *The King speaks: "Lay on our royal sword your banish'd hands. . . ."*

THE visit of Haileybury School Dramatic Society to Belgium marks the resumption of school trips abroad which did much to help international understanding before the war. The members of the Society, all boys between sixteen and eighteen, were led by Mr. E. C. Matthews, M.A., a house-master, who himself played John of Gaunt. The boys played "Richard II." in Brussels, Liége, Antwerp and Mons. Everywhere

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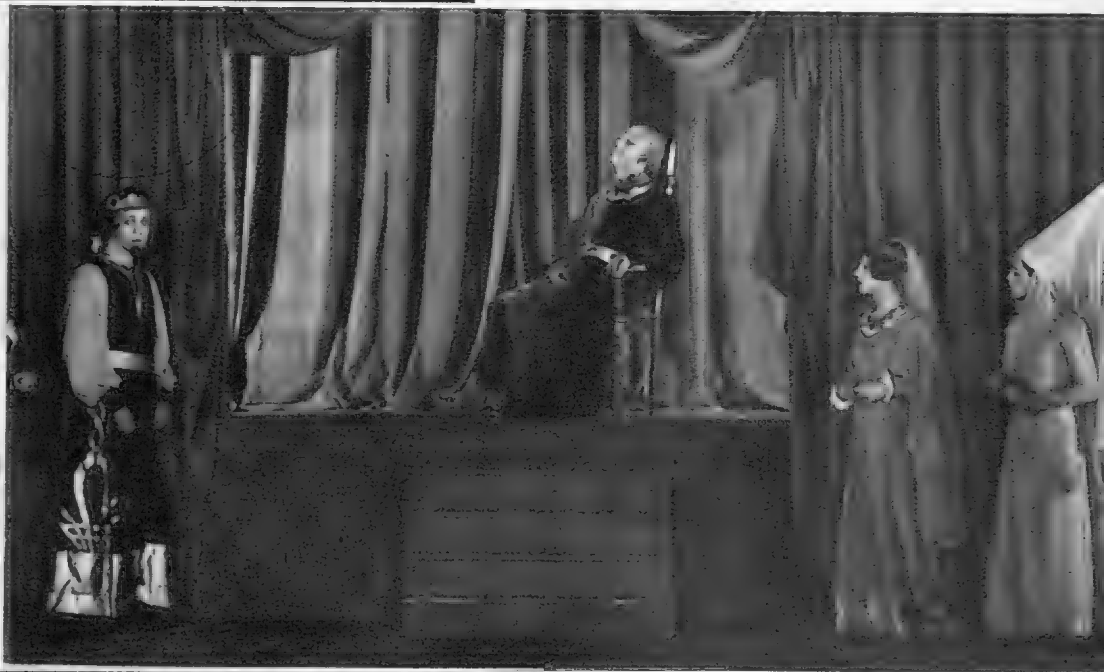


The death of John of Gaunt. Left to right, the boys are: RICHARD VICKERS, DAVID ARNOLD, CLIFFORD WRIGHT.

A general view of the lists at Coventry.

Continued.]

they met with an enthusiastic reception, and after each of the five performances were given they were able to pass on substantial cheques to the different Belgian charities. During their trip they stayed with Belgian families, and had lots of opportunities to improve their French. Haileybury S.D.S. has been the nursery of many English actors, and not long ago the people of Brussels had an opportunity of seeing a celebrated old boy of the school, Robert Speaight, in several rôles. Three other distinguished "old boys" of Haileybury are Mr. Attlee, the Prime Minister, Lord Justice Lawrence, President of the War Trials Court at Nuremberg, and the late Air Chief-Marshal Sir Trafford Leigh-Mallory.

Haworth parsonage in 1836: The Rev. Patrick Brontë (MONTAGUE LOVE) *at supper with his daughters, Emily* (IDA LUPINO), *Charlotte* (OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND) *and Anne* (NANCY COLEMAN), *and Aunt Branwell* (ETHEL GRIFFIES). *The seat intended for drunken Branwell is vacant.*

On the wild Yorkshire moors which inspired the setting of Emily's gre[...] no[...] "Wuthering Heights": Branwell Brontë (ARTHUR KENNEDY), *and hi[...] sist[...] Emily* (IDA LUPINO), *Charlotte* (OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND) *and Anne* (NANCY CO[...]EMA[...]

THE BRONTË SISTERS AS SC[...]EE[...]

PASSIONATE GENIUS F[...]O[...]

"DEVOTION" is the title under which Warner Broth[...]s hav[...] made a film which seeks to re-create the life a[...]d pe[...]sonalities of those famous early Victorians, Charlotte, En[...]ly an[...] Anne Brontë, literary geniuses of fire and passion who spran[...] from[...] country parsonage in the wild and dreary Yorkshire moorla[...]ls, an[...] had, apparently, no other experience of life than what the[...] gaine[...] there, in various schools and at the Pensionnat Héger, in [...]russel[...] They had austere and dreary lives, but Charlotte wrote "Ja[...] Eyre[...] "Shirley" and "Villette," and Emily produced that ama[...] wo[...] of passion and intensity, "Wuthering Heights," which sta[...] alon[...] in its strange fascination and beauty. The film introduces [...]e girl[...] their remote and eccentric father, and their dissolute, [...]runk[...]

Charlotte Brontë (OLIVIA DE HAVILLAND) *and Emily* (IDA LUPINO) *are here discussing their plans. Both have novels accepted, but Charlotte's "Jane Eyre" is published before Emily's "Wuthering Heights," and gains an instant success.*

SYDNEY GREENSTREET *appears as the great English novelist, William M[...] peace Thackeray, to whom Charlotte dedicated her book "Jane Eyre," publi[...] over the pseudonym of "Currer Bell." He met Charlotte in 1850.*

he literary daughters of the parsonage never stopped writing novels and poems om their earliest days, but they enjoyed the chance of a party—when it came eir way. Charlotte, Emily and Anne are dressing for Lady Thornton's ball.

Branwell Brontë was believed by his family to be a genius, but he was a drunken brawler, constantly causing scandals. He has just fought the curate Arthur Nicholls (PAUL HENREID), but has sobered up enough to admit that it was all his fault.

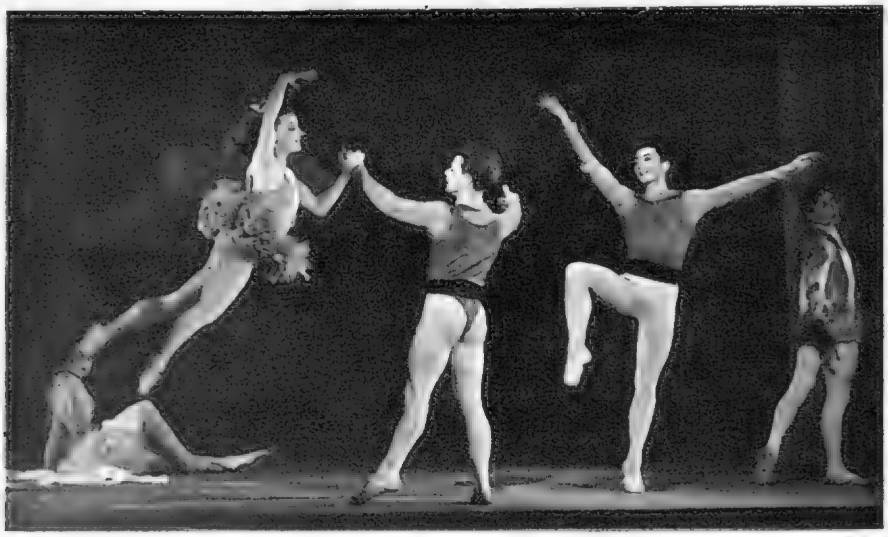
HEROINES IN "DEVOTION": A YORKSHIRE PARSONAGE.

brother, Branwell, whom they believed to be a genius, and for whom they were ready to sacrifice themselves. "Jane Eyre," by "Currer Bell," was published in 1847, and was an immediate success. "Wuthering Heights" was not published until later and did not make such a sudden "hit." Emily died in 1848, and Anne in 1849, while Charlotte, the only one to be "lionised" in London, did not long survive her marriage to her persistent suitor, Arthur Nicholls, and died in 1855. The film takes certain liberties with the love-affairs of the sisters, and thus seeks to explain the fire and passion in the writings of these early Victorians, which "made a breach in the then conventional theory (held at that period) that woman was merely the loved and not the lover."

arlotte Brontë would not at first allow her identity to be known, in spite of the ccess of "Jane Eyre," but in 1850 she went to London as the guest of her publisher and was fêted. She is seen at the theatre with Thackeray.

IDA LUPINO plays Emily Brontë, the most gifted of the sisters. Her "Wuthering Heights" is a work of passionate intensity, and critics have always been puzzled at it having been written by a young, inexperienced girl, bred in a Yorkshire parsonage.

THE BALLET DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES IN ACTION.



"Le Déjeuner sur l'Herbe" ballet, by Irene Lidova, is set in a park where young people picnic and boys engage in sport, with music by Joseph Lanner. L. to r.: MICHELINE MORRISS, TEDDY RODOLPHE, YOURA LOBOFF, JEAN BABILÉE.

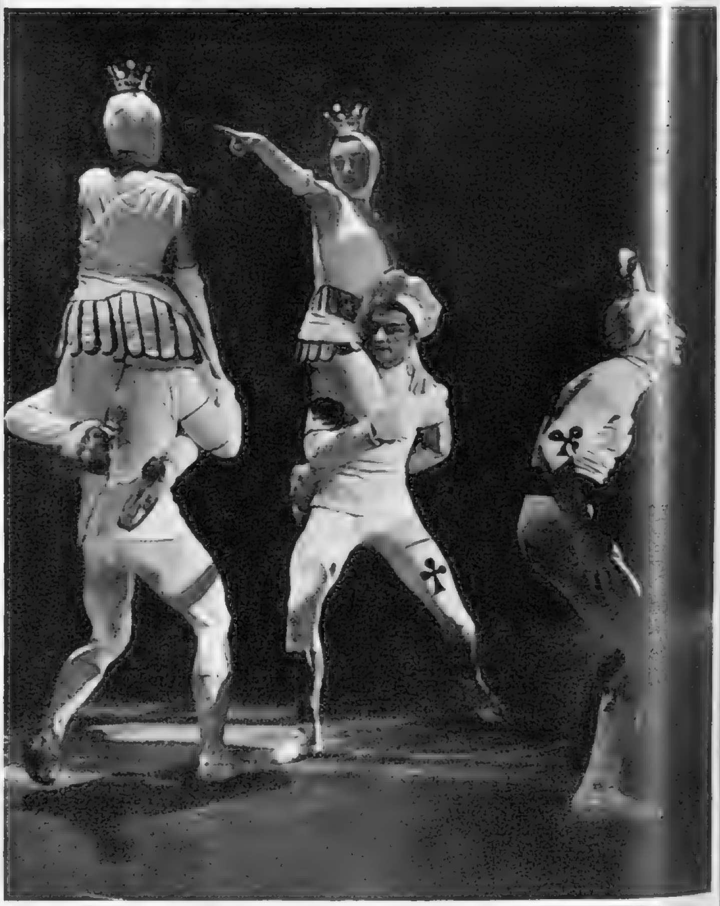
"Les Amours de Jupiter," in five scenes burlesquing Ovid's "Metamorphoses," is by Boris Kochno, with music by Ibert. Here, transformed into an eagle, Jupiter (ROLAND PETIT) *carries off Ganymede, the shepherd* (TEDDY RODOLPHE), *in his claws.*

HERE are excerpts of action photographs taken during performances from the repertoire of the Ballet des Champs-Élysées, which is giving London balletomanes a taste of its talent at the Adelphi Theatre in four-weeks season. M. Boris Kochno is the art director of this young company of French dancers, of whom several show brilliance and accomplishment. Roland Petit is its maître de ballet; Jean Babilée its graceful exponent of seeming flight with his floating leaps; Solange Schwarz is prima ballerina; Nathalie Philippart excels in modern ballet; and thirteen-year-old Ethery Pagava dances with tremendous vim and grace.

The "Jeu de Cartes" ballet based on a game of poker, is danced to Stravinsky music. The picture shows the Joker (JEAN BABILÉE) *fighting with the King of Hearts* (PAUL GNATT).

JEAN BABILÉE, *in "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe," is caught by camera in one of his amazing leaps. The ballet is dressed by Marie Laurençin, with choreography by Roland Petit.*

IRÈNE SKORIK *and* ROLAND PETIT *dance a Young Girl and The Vagabond in "Déjeuner sur l'Herbe." Petit is the driving power behind the company as well as choreographer and premier danseur.*



The Joker (JEAN BABILÉE, *right*) *complicates every hand in "Jeu de Cartes." L. to r.:* HÉLÈNE SADOVSKA *and* TEDDY RODOLPHE, *King and Queen of Diamonds;* YOURA LOBOFF *and* MICHELINE MORRISS, *King and Queen of Hearts*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROGER WOOD, A.R.P.S.

HIGH-SPEED REVUDEVILLE BY HIGH-SPEED CAMERA.

KEITH LESTER, JOAN JAY *and the Corps de Ballet of the Windmill Theatre taken by high-speed photography in one of the dances of the new Revudeville No. 193.*

Doctor and patient in an amusing sketch from Revudeville No. 193, the new Vivian Van Damm show : JOHNNIE McGREGOR *and* STANLEY WEST.

Sixteen-year-old starlet of the new Revudeville : red-headed ANITA D'RAY *in one of her numbers at the Windmill Theatre, which never closed during the war.*

JOAN JAY *is back again at the Windmill, the only West End theatre which has a performance starting at 9 p.m. This high-speed camera picture gives a good idea of her swift grace.*

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MANIFOLD are the ways of escaping Reality as it presents itself to the war-weary adult mind, and of these Miss Rosamond Lehmann has chosen one of the most satisfactory; she writes of children and young people, sometimes identifying her angle of vision with theirs, sometimes regarding them from outside, but with tender affection and solicitude, as a mother might. Indeed, there is always something a little maternal in her attitude, protective, sheltering. In "The Ballad and the Source" she supplemented the child's imagination with the glow of her own mature understanding. Once the eye accustoms itself to this double lighting—which is not quite easy to get used to—it is rewarded by a new richness of vision. Nor need we feel we are being deceived by an artificial outlook on human nature, for the child in us dies hard, and the writer who ignores its existence ignores an aspect of truth.

Songs of Spring. Spring can be a cruel season, but it is always a time of hopefulness and promise. These new stories of Miss Lehmann's take place, one might say, in a perpetual spring; and though some of them end sadly—"The Gipsy's Baby" itself is very sad—they do not leave us feeling sad, for Nature, with whom Miss Lehmann is on such intimate terms, is at hand to repair the damage. Sweet though in sadness; for what could be sweeter than the well-to-do children's wish to give a good time to their humble neighbours, the Wyatts; what sadder (in a small way, perhaps) than the final outcome of these well-meaning social encounters—the inability of Chrissie Wyatt to take on the faintest patina of civilised feeling? Inventing a particularly macabre and horrible lie, she vanishes from view. Yet we do not feel that in this—perhaps the richest and most memorable story in the collection—or in "A Dream of Winter," with its poignant conclusion of the mutilated bird—that Miss Lehmann intends a pessimistic commentary on life; she recognises the pathos in the fall of a sparrow, but after all, many sparrows are left.

Right and Wrong. I greatly enjoyed "A Dream of Winter," which reads like "something that really happened" but which has the troubled, heightened consciousness of fever to give it fantasy. How vivid, almost magical, is the appearance of the bee-man on his ladder at the invalid's window, on his strange mission to take the swarm of bees! He is aware of her, he is considerate to her, but it is the bees and the mysterious laws that govern their existence that really occupy him. Questions of right and wrong do not intrude; one is glad or sorry at the way things turn out, one is not called upon to approve or to condemn. With some exceptions Miss Lehmann finds in beauty her sense of goodness; evil is a kind of deformity from which one shrinks, but not in anger. The last, most carefree story, "Wonderful Holidays," contains many instances of her power to conjure beauty out of a passing thought. Mrs. Ritchie's children have been helping in the bakehouse, they tell her:

> She saw them bursting at dead of night into the warm, bright, aromatic bakehouse, their idle elastic limbs at large among the material and gear of production, their brilliant tumbling locks and smooth wax-mask faces revolving in light-hearted irresponsibility around the bald intellectual dome, the spectacled, transparent face moulded in hollows and lines of sensibility, humour and exhaustion, the swiftly-kneading hands of dear Mr. McBean.

JAMES RAMSEY ULLMAN, *author of "The White Tower," just published by Collins, is a keen mountaineer whose climbing exploits range from the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn to the Peruvian Andes and the Canadian Rockies. "The White Tower" is his first novel; set in Switzerland, it recounts the story of an assorted group of people of different nationalities thrown together by the vagaries of the war.*

What delicious play her imagination makes when it runs away with her! And I must add that in this book, as perhaps never before, her gift of expression, in itself a subtle and beautiful instrument, matches and even enhances the poetry in her mind.

Sex and Politics. "Appassionata" reminds us at once of two things that either do not appear in Miss Lehmann's purview, or appear idealised and transmuted: sex and politics. Serge Ferrero, world-famous playwright, married to an Englishwoman and living in London, is a Latin of the Latins. He can, and does, look back on a long procession of mistresses. "Where was Lorenza? . . . And where was Donna Olghella? And where the woman who had lived with him as his mistress in 1920?" In this story (the second part of a trilogy, but fairly complete in itself) Serge adds another to their number: Isabella Lamberti, whose husband, once a neighbour of the Ferreros in Italy, takes his wife's inconstancy extremely ill. Perhaps an Englishman can never quite understand the Latin attitude to this extra-marital relationship; for why, if it is so much taken as a matter of course, should it give rise to such hard feelings when it is discovered? Moreover, Isabella's attraction for Serge (although she had a child by him) was rather sentimental than sexual; it was his spirit, not his senses, that suffered starvation for want of congenial companionship. Eileen, his wife, endured his infidelity with anger indeed, but also with true British phlegm; and one day, when he thought to have escaped her in his old house in Italy, she suddenly turned up. Relations between England and Italy, strained by the Abyssinian war, were rapidly worsening, and when the war of 1939 broke out, Serge, a strong anti-Fascist, and Eileen were virtually prisoners in Italy. The solution to this painful position gives the story its climax.

The Italian Temperament. Readers of Italo Svevo will remember how melancholy, how intellectual, how neurotic, how defeatist—in short, how unlike the popular idea of it—the Italian temperament can be. Lamenting the fact that he felt nothing in common with the Italy that Fascism had created, Serge tried to put down this lack of patriotism to too much globe-trotting, and to an "excess of universalism in his conception of life." A penetrating piece of analysis and one that might stand as a criticism of this very subtle and civilised novel. It is rich in human nature; provincial society near Turin, smart society in Rome, are very keenly observed. And the malaise and degeneration of the spirit that came with Fascism, the nervousness, the helplessness, the blind drift towards calamity—these are conveyed effortlessly and without exaggeration. The essential humanity of the Italian character, its sensitiveness and sympathy, its shrewdness, its ancient wisdom, its irony, its too ready resignation—"*Cosa vuole? Pazienza!*"—these make the material for a magic carpet to bear one back to the Italy one loves. But though not lacking in strong situations, the story lacks the tension of drama, for Serge, as he himself realises, universalises experience too much. The Serge to whom these things happen is any man, every man; and his story (as far as this second instalment takes it) is a little diluted in feeling, a little wanting in immediacy, like a twice-told tale, or an echo.

In Occupied Germany. No one could charge Miss Storm Jameson with failing to give the effect of actuality or of substituting a copy for the original. She does not tell us of something that has happened, but shows it happening; the situation grows before our eyes. In "The Other Side" it is a very painful situation. Marie Jouvenet has married a German during the German occupation of France; she is living with her dead husband's family when the Allies march into Germany. Part of the house is requisitioned. The French officer, Aubrac, who has been tortured by the Germans, is rude and bitter to everyone, but especially to her; the English captain, Long, is kind, too kind. They love each other, but meanwhile the boy, Heinrich, her nephew by marriage, has told her of the plot hatched, presumably, by his own father; she warns the authorities, and the plot fails, or almost fails. But now she has to face her German relations, who know she has betrayed them. . . .

The tense drama, with its surprising turns and twists, has still some way to run. What vials of wrath Miss Jameson pours into these few chapters, what deep draughts of cruelty and misery and pride! Always she contrasts the reason-loving Frenchman with the irrational German, "convinced of his mission to sleep with the universe." Dépaysée, hated by both, Marie is ground between the upper and the nether millstone; "my country is derision and penalties."

The moral issues of life, overlooked by Miss Lehmann's æstheticism and belittled by Mr. Franzero's philosophy, here are paramount: nearly everything the characters think or say, nearly everything Miss Jameson says about them, has a moral implication. They ought to be different, they could be different: or could they? Her apparent acceptance of the view that German human nature is different from other human nature makes one wonder.

This is a most absorbing and vital little story. To me, the dialogue is not very convincing; it is too literary; people don't say such things. Yet the psychology revealed by the dialogue is convincing, only too much so, if you accept the author's premises. And her technique is superb.

Tough and Slick. Mr. Peter Cheyney's "Dark Hero," Rene Berg, is a "killer" employed by Chicago racketeers, and "the toughest, slickest thing" that Clovis (no mean judge) had ever met in her life. Events turn him into an agent of the British Government, entrusted with very dangerous missions in Norway; he is captured and tortured in a concentration camp. But he emerges as tough and slick as ever, and does not forget that it was Clovis who sent him there.

As a hero, Rene Berg is a little too dark for my taste. Mr. Cheyney makes many excuses for him. He was always being deceived by women who were lovely, and men who were not, and made the victim of his own best impulses, and he is on the right side in the war. But he is, after all, a murderer on a very large scale, and this is a fact we cannot quite dismiss from our minds, especially as Mr. Cheyney has taken more trouble than usual with the psychology of his tale: it is a first-rate thriller that sometimes reads like truth.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Gipsy's Baby. And Other Stories. By Rosamond Lehmann. (*Collins*; 7s. 6d.)
Appassionata. By C. M. Franzero. (*Allen and Unwin*; 9s. 6d.)
The Other Side. By Storm Jameson. (*Macmillan*; 7s. 6d.)
Dark Hero. By Peter Cheyney. (*Collins*; 8s. 6d.)

Pin-up Girl:
No. 51. Brenda Joyce.

With summer in mind Universal's popular screen player BRENDA JOYCE *slips on a light-hearted white confection, and with flower on head and sandals afoot she is ready for anything. Brenda will be seen at the Leicester Square Theatre on May 6 in the new Bud Abbott—Lou Costello film "On the Carpet," the story of which is briefly indicated in our "Cinema Cameos" page.*

SCARLET SLIPPERS.*

By WINIFRED DUKE.

"STOP a minute," ordered the old man in the bath-chair to his attendant. The latter, a wizened, ageless creature, with a cast disfiguring one eye, obeyed.

The window before which the couple halted was in a junk-shop. Miscellaneous goods of every description were piled up behind the dusty panes. Aged chairs jostled rusty bedsteads. Metal ornaments and glass trifles huddled together on trays. Pictures in chipped frames leaned against broken, crudely-hued crockery. A fine Sheraton bookcase, with cuts and scratches defacing the glossy wood, was neighbour to an engraving of Bonnie Prince Charlie, mounted on an impossibly high horse, entering Edinburgh surrounded by a pleasing confusion of Highlanders, dogs, white roses, and loyal ladies. There seemed nothing worth looking at, far less buying, until a splash of brilliant colouring caught the eye against the prevailing dinginess and decay.

A pair of slippers, vivid scarlet in shade, were perched with a certain airy defiance on a pile of boxes. Their slender heels, feather trimming, and delicate cut made them incongruous, almost incredible, amid so much that was useless, derelict, and repulsive. They looked new, unworn, dimly pathetic in their purposelessness and frivolity. How do we come to be here? they appeared to be saying.

Mr. Justice Pyne-Martyn, not long retired from the Bench, was staying at Saltsea indefinitely. The newspapers and the general public had been informed that he was there for reasons of health, but his colleagues, enemies, and professional acquaintances knew that his powers were failing and his star had waned. The Judge himself realised that he ought to make a dignified exit and withdraw altogether from public life, but he yearned for the world of wig and gown, the surge and excitement of presiding over a great trial, the thrill of the hunt with a man's life for quarry. His doctors had forbidden him to remain in London. He had no roots anywhere else, and Saltsea was bracing and revitalising. The hotel was quiet. A few old ladies, some elderly married couples—these last, permanent residents—and occasional visitors for a night or a week-end comprised its *clientèle*. Mr. Justice Pyne-Martyn had a private sitting-room, and did not encourage strangers if he appeared downstairs. Secretly he meditated writing his memoirs. From the early days when he had acted as junior counsel to men who had later risen to great eminence in the legal world, innumerable celebrated trials had been under his personal survey. He gave a grim little chuckle as he recalled certain of these. There was the Stetton poisoning case; the affair of Mrs. Pulliblank and her three husbands; the trial of James Lobworthy for drowning his wife—this last a triumphant acquittal, with himself as defending counsel. Names, faces, facts floated in the old man's memory, confused, futile, half-forgotten. The last of all, a murder case, with his misdirection of the jury, his fumbling handling of the threads of evidence, and the reversal of the verdict by the Court of Criminal Appeal, made him gnaw his lip and scowl. It was nothing but a conspiracy, due to the jealousy of younger men, which had hounded him out of public life.

As recreation he went out daily in a bath-chair, hired from a cluster of these semi-obsolete conveyances parked on the front. For a week now he had employed the same attendant, and hitherto the latter, beyond a monosyllabic answer to directions or remarks, had not uttered an independent word.

"Come for me at three o'clock this afternoon," was his employer's order when the morning's perambulation was over.

The Judge was a creature of habit still. Punctually each day at ten o'clock the bath-chair arrived at the hotel, and he was bowled through the town and along the sea-front. Every afternoon he instructed his attendant to wheel him to the highest point of the cliffs and draw the chair to a standstill in a convenient shelter. Here he admired the view and inhaled the sea-breeze. Presumably the man in charge of the chair did the same, standing motionless until directed to occupy a part of the weather-warped bench. This particular afternoon was still and sunny. The chair, pushed stubbornly, mounted the steep white road under a sky lightly flecked with baby clouds. The country spread wide and smiling, great stretches of pasture and plough-land, broken by tall woods and the roofs of farm or cottage. Few people were about, as a regatta several miles down the coast had attracted tourists and residents alike. The two men, both in a sense finished with life, were silent; Mr. Justice Pyne-Martyn because he was cogitating deeply; the attendant, presumably, because he needed all his breath for the exertion of propelling the chair and its occupant uphill. The shelter was out of the wind. Everything seemed quiet, save for the raucous scream of a seagull. The Judge gestured to the bath-chair man to sit beside him. He began to talk.

"Pretty things, those red slippers we saw in that old junk-shop this morning," he said casually. A nod answered him.

"Wonder how they got there?"

Again no verbal reply came. The man sat wooden-faced, imperturbable, beside the Judge. The latter went on briskly:

"They reminded me of a case a good many years ago. Like to hear the story?"

The attendant said nothing. Mr. Justice Pyne-Martyn took silence for consent, and began his tale.

"I've forgotten the year. Anyway, it doesn't matter. I was junior counsel to Sir Harry Spellink at ——— Assizes. He was leading for the Crown. Case of murder. The victim was a young married woman. Found strangled in bed. Husband was arrested, tried and acquitted. Couldn't bring it home to him, but it was pretty generally thought he'd had a lucky escape."

The harsh old voice ceased. Below the cliffs, hundreds of feet down, a wave hurled itself with a sudden crash upon the stony beach.

"The only clue was a pair of scarlet slippers. Police discovered 'em in a box beside the bed. Pretty things, very like that pair you and I saw in that window this morning. A label was tied to one: 'Lily, with love from Bill.' Never traced who 'Bill' was. The husband's name was George. He swore he knew nobody called Bill who'd give his wife scarlet slippers, and he could say nothing about 'em. Queer, unsatisfactory case. Nobody else ever suspected. She was a pretty girl—they said."

The man who sat listening to the jerkily-delivered narrative still uttered no word.

"I was younger then." The old Judge grinned. "Kept my eyes and ears open. Spotted a fellow in court every day. Tall, thin, fidgety, and the left eye had a cast in it. When the jury were out, considering their verdict, he looked as green as the paint on yonder fence. As soon as ever he heard 'Not Guilty' he shoved his way out as if he'd been the man in the dock just acquitted. Perhaps he ought to have stood in his place, eh?"

"I—I don't know, my lord."

"Found your tongue, have you?"

"How'd you—guess?"

"Never forget a face. I remembered yours all these years. Care to tell me why you did it?"

The bath-chair attendant, his eyes on the ground, mumbled sullenly:

"I met her—Lily—on the pier. Fell for her then and there. I used to come and see her when her husband was away. He was a railway-guard—on night duty. That evening I brought her the slippers. I'd been in the Navy. Smuggled 'em across from France. She—she told me it was all over. She meant to stick to her husband. I—I lost my head and—and——. Only, if George—the husband—had been found guilty I'd have spoken. It's God's truth I would."

There was a long silence, broken only by another seagull's scream.

"Would you?" asked Mr. Justice Pyne-Martyn. "I wonder. Well, it's getting chilly. You can wheel me back, and on the way we'll just stop at the police-station for a few minutes."

He chuckled. The sound was evil, senile, cruel. The man rose to his feet.

"You'd hand me over to the law—after all them years?"

"Certainly. The case was one of Sir Harry Spellink's failures. If he'd got a verdict of 'Guilty' it would have been a feather in his cap—and I'd have shared in his success. As it was, it did me no good, and kept him a few years further from the scarlet and ermine. Now it'll be a come-back for me to solve the Sandbeach murder mystery myself. They thought I was done, did they? This'll show them."

"Curse you!" shouted the bath-chair man.

He seized the handles and rushed the chair, with its writhing, impotent, gesticulating, fear-shattered occupant, towards the cliff verge . . .

"How noisy the seagulls are," complained Miss Millsome to her sister as they sat sketching a quarter of a mile away. "What a dreadful scream! It sounded more like a human being than a bird."

[THE END.

*All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.

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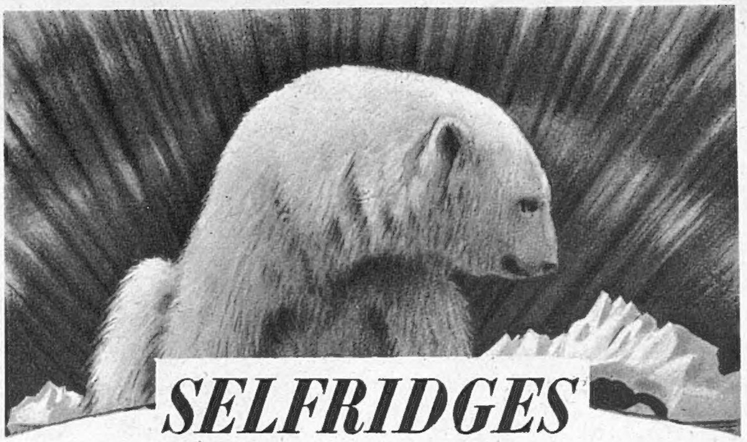

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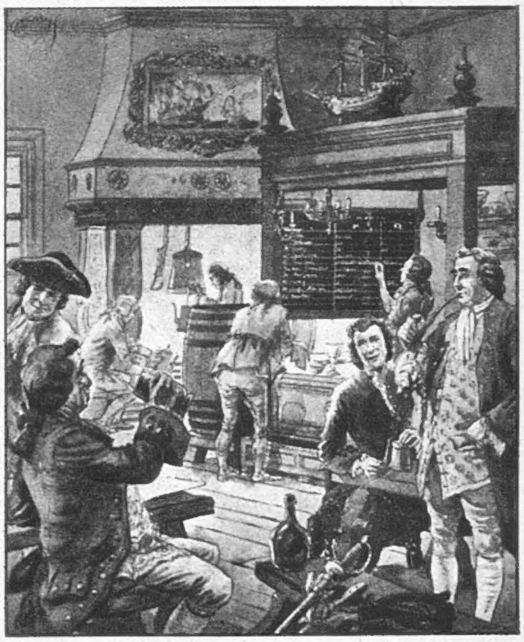

In the colourful days of early commercial expansion the forerunner of the modern "change" was the coffee shop (from which sprang Lloyds) and the bars dispensing punch. In the latter it became the custom to chalk up each merchant's score for final settlement. "P" stood for a pint and "Q" for a quart. Hence it behoved the wily merchant not only to watch his bargaining but to keep an eye on the tavern keeper to see that he was not charged too much — to mind his P's and Q's.

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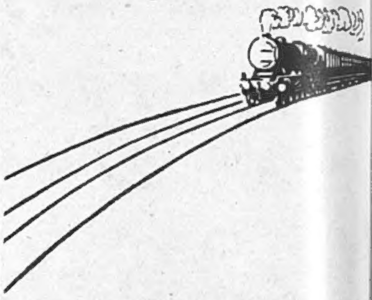

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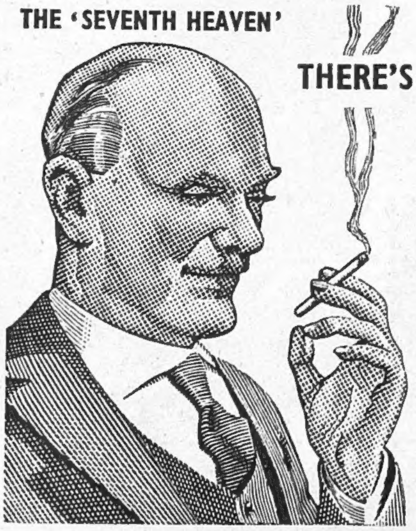

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